imagine just as well at Dakar or Saint-Louis. I shall describe it all like an earnest schoolboy:

A roof of geranium-colored tiles rests, on the right side, on a square of darkness: the forge. On the left it rests on a lean-to serving doubtless as a wagon-shelter, through whose half-open door can be seen the shining straw in the blackness, can be heard the cock's crowing. In front of the lean-to, two enormous rabbit-cages made of bits of packing-cases on which can still be seen printed addresses and names of senders, just as one finds a pagan inscription among the stones of cathedrals. Above or around the cages, a pile of odd objects, which I can only enumerate: a broken caldron, a ladder, a wicker cage for baby chicks, a grindstone, two flat cages of the kind that are used, I believe, to transport chickens, which are now full of old rags; an ironing board, a warped bench, a huge eucalyptus log, a spiral spring (I am adding this), bits of wire, pieces of wire neeting. A yard away from the lean-to a sort of solitary mast rises into the azure. The sea is there, right near. On the moist sand a maid has built a pile of branches, rubbish, and garbage; now she is setting fire to it; the smoke, the vibration of the hot air, increase the impression of distance between us and the largest of the lies dHyeres, make it seem even less real as it floats above the sea. A little farther, almost within reach of the wave, and as if they had been washed up on the beach, two barrels. A green and black boat is approaching with the calm movement of ,its oars. A whole race of pigeons lights on the tile roof. The guinea-hens slept last night on the top of the big pine. Already the heat is torrid.

A tendency to take into account, in another, only the elements in which he is superior to me.

AtPontigny:[23]

How ridiculous we are! Already I have such trouble in

taking myself seriously when I am alone. . . . Each one of us here looks to me as if he were in the tailor's fitting-room, surrounded by mirrors reflecting one another, and seeking in the minds of others his multiplied image. In spite of oneself, one assumes a pose; one throws out one's chest; one would like so much to see oneself from the back!

^ESTHETICS

It is not enough merely to create the event most likely to reveal character; rather the character itself must necessitate the event. (See Corio

[25] Before the war of 1914-18 Paul Desjardins organized annual meetings of literary men from all over Europe at fie abandoned Abbey o£ Pontigny in Burgundy. Each *decade,* or ten-day period, during the vacation moaths was devoted to discussion of a specific topic.